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EVERY THING OVERDONE.

THERE is a class of philosophical-looking persons who go about with their hands in their pockets, exclaiming, "Every thing is overdone." If they have any ostensible profession, they seem quite indifferent about it. "What is the use of struggling?—every thing is overdone." If they are out of a profession, and are asked which they design to choose, they assume the air of one spited at the world, and answer, "Oh, what's the use?—every thing is overdone." If they have a number of sons to push into life, and are interrogated as to their respective destinations, they seem doubly, triply, quadruply puzzled, in the ratio of the number of the youngsters, and conclude a narrative of difficulties with their favourite phrase—"Every thing is overdone." When you fall into the company of such a person, you are very apt to catch the contagion of his predominant idea. Active, successful, happy—you may be all of them: the world may seem to you a pretty good world. But five minutes of such a man dashes and blackens all. He overflows upon you in stories of bankruptcies. He tells you the number of closed shops in every street. He has accounts of all those who intend to emigrate next spring, with the special moving reasons of every case. His mind, you would suppose, by a kind of chemical affinity, has picked up every stray misery that has ever come into its neighbourhood; and all of them are at your service. Such a man should be avoided like a pestilence. Rothschild himself, after an hour of his conversation, would feel as if in a workhouse.

A taint of this kind of character is to be found in all ranks and conditions of men. That every thing is overdone, may be described as one of the mutual make-beliefs of mankind. You hear it from the prosperous, the unfortunate, the rich, the needy. Some will talk thus, upon their way to invest thousands in a new speculation. With them it is merely a manner of speech, something to mask an affluence and a success which they do not like to acknowledge, or which they think it prudent to conceal. Others design it as an excuse, not more to others than to themselves, for a want of success arising from circumstances which could not be acknowledged without an injury to their pride. There is also a class, who, having chosen to reserve their capital and energies from some speculation, which, after all, has turned out well, use it as a means of consoling themselves for the prosperity of their neighbours. Others deem it a wise and sufficient reason for lingering on the borders of the pleasant land of idleness. They form a set who are more given to talk about business than to enter upon it—better at settling abstract questions about national and local concerns, than at managing any of their own. If only able by hook or by crook to subsist, they see great necessity, in the present state of things, for exercising caution. The law, for instance, is rapidly declining. Hundreds of briefless barristers going about. No doing any good in business—vast capital required, and very small profits. Farming absolutely ruinous. It were vain to represent, that, after all, many are supporting themselves in all of these professions, while in some of them a few are making rich. Oh no, sir. Every thing is overdone.

In as far as this apothegm serves as a palliative for either past or prospective inactivity, it is only matter of ridicule and censure. But it may be allowed that many things are overdone, and yet something may be suggested for the remedy of the evil. The glutting of markets, and the overplus of candidates for particular employments, are contingencies which human ingenuity and caution cannot be expected altogether to obviate. The utmost that can be done, after using all

proper precautions, is to repair the calamity as soon as possible. Now, we would say that men might be somewhat more alert than they generally are in this duty. The prejudice of place—the immobility of mankind—often prevents them from adjusting, as soon as they might do, a deranged relation between supply and demand. There is also a prejudice of profession which operates in the same way, and of which we can, in general, more easily trace the effect. Not content with dogmatically asserting that Piddington is a town above all others entitled to prosperity, men will convince themselves that there is something in the garter-trade of Piddington which gives it a peculiar claim to encouragement, even although mankind should have determined to live without garters. There might be other branches of manufacture which Piddington, from its natural circumstances, could carry on to greater advantage; but the garter-trade is *our* trade, and the garter-trade, accordingly, must be promoted and struggled for by all possible means. A pride in one's profession is, to a certain extent, useful; but when it amounts to an unreflecting and enthusiastic preference, and prevents men from changing in time from a declining branch of business to one more promising, it is a great evil. In a country where improvements in trade and manufactures are rapidly advancing, particular departments of employment must often be nearly extinguished. This is the minor evil inseparable from a great and general good, and it ought to be submitted to by individuals with all the resignation, and obviated by all the ingenuity, which they can exert. Instead of this, how often do we see individuals clinging for years to an employment which the overpowering competition of machinery renders no longer sufficient to produce the necessities of life! Though nothing can be more plain than that the machinery, by cheapening this species of manufacture, has left more money to be spared for others, and consequently given occasion for the employment of additional hands elsewhere, how slowly and inefficiently, if at all, do the dispossessed workmen make the attempt to fit themselves for new spheres of exertion! Instead of acknowledging that every particular branch of employment is entirely a creature of the public wants, and on these alone depends for support, they seem to suppose that their own in particular has a claim upon the public, altogether apart from the consideration of its utility; and that, whether desired to continue working or not, they are entitled to their ordinary revenues—as if the public were responsible for a certain income to every man, whatever might be the way in which he was pleased to exert himself. Instead of supposing that their grand duty is simply to support themselves as well as they can, they seem to be convinced that the particular kind of labour in which they were reared—a thing altogether impersonal, and incapable of either suffering or enjoying—in what they are chiefly called upon to support. They devote to certain tools and operations sympathies which should know no objects but themselves, and the other living beings who look to them for subsistence. Identifying all their feelings of self-love with the name of their employment, they nourish its pinning energies with the phrenzy of despair, and call upon all over whom they have any influence to do something to save it from destruction. All this is sheer absurdity. For the reason above stated, there cannot be the least doubt that every employment extinguished by machinery gives rise to other employments, which may be appropriated, either by those dismissed from the works which have ceased, or by men attracted from other employments. There is also, in all departments of our national industry, so continual

and so rapid an increment, that no man who has not rooted himself into the soil, or does not utterly refuse to accommodate himself to new kinds of labour or trade, can long want an employer or a customer. When the new English poor-law came into operation, and many able-bodied paupers were turned adrift to work, not only did they experience no difficulty in obtaining work, but in one particular district a sufficient number could not be found to execute the labour waiting for them.* Part of this labour would probably arise from the capital left free by the reduction of the poor-rates—a case precisely analogous to what occurs at the cheapening of an article of consumption by machinery—and part of it may have been occasioned by the extraordinary prosperity of the time. When we see a multitude of superfluous labourers thus quickly absorbed by the employments around them, how strangely discreditable to human wisdom appears the fate of the hand-loom weavers, who, ceased, so far back as 1814, to have the least chance of ever again making comfortable wages by their labour, and yet have not only clung to it in great numbers during all that time, but, in many cases, have bred their children to it, so as to postpone indefinitely the time when the misery which they are themselves experiencing, shall cease.

There are some employments in which an overplus of candidates is occasioned by a sentiment on the part of the public, not always, we fear, quite rational. We invest particular employments with an ideal dignity, which operates upon many minds more powerfully than the prospect of gain, and becomes the very reason, by its attractive influence, why little gain attends them. We invest other professions, again, with an ideal humility, which causes them to be left to those who desire gain only. This mode of estimating professions is natural; but it may be, and perhaps is, carried to an excess. One of its results is to devote much more of the energy and talent of the nation to particular professions than these particular professions require, leaving, of course, an useless overplus, while other and perhaps inferior, but still important duties, are not discharged in nearly so able a manner as they might, or as, in a more just distribution of the ingenuity of the nation, they would be. Upon this point, a very serviceable illustration is presented in a work upon colouring, which has recently been published. After stating, from Parliamentary evidence, the superiority of French flowered silks over British, in point of design, this writer proceeds to say:—

"Of the fact of a total neglect of the rules of harmonious colouring prevailing among our manufacturers, I have long felt convinced. Yet I was not aware until now of the important nature of the subject, or that it affected so materially the best interests of the country. The complaint seems to be, that there are not sufficient opportunities in this country for young men studying the art of design; and that, consequently, there is not a sufficient infusion of talent or of the fine

* In Essex, we learn that whole districts are cleared of able-bodied paupers, and that the former paupers are now in work, maintaining themselves. At the Bradfield Union in Berkshire, where the rates have already been reduced more than one-half, the aid of some able-bodied paupers was required a short time ago to perform some digging work, and none could be found; the whole body had been absorbed. In the Uckfield Union in Sussex, the rates have already been reduced from £16,000 per annum to £6,000. In the Battle Union in that county, even greater reductions have already been effected. We might mention other instances, from the most pauperized districts, which leave no doubt of the striking success of the poor-law—or the improvements which it will effect in the value of labour, in the steadiness of the employment of the labourers, and in the reduction of the burdens of the rate-payers.—London newspapers at the period.

+ The Laws of Harmonious Colouring. By D. R. Hay, House-Painter, Edinburgh. 3d edition.

arts into our manufactures. It is no doubt true that the cultivation of the fine arts will, in course of time, improve the perception and taste of a nation, from the highest to the lowest grades of society; this is, however, the work of ages, but the present state of our manufactures demands an *immediate* improvement in this particular. It is remarkable, that, while we are so far behind our continental neighbours in the application of the rules of art to our manufactures, the British school of painting should have risen so far above that of every other country in the world. And this is not all; for it must be evident to every one who may be in the habit of attending our annual exhibitions of modern pictures, that mediocrity of talent in the fine arts is multiplied beyond all probable means of employment.

I have had a good deal of experience in matters of this kind, from having had, for upwards of twelve years, seldom less at any time than ten or twelve apprentices to instruct in ornamental painting. I trust it will not, therefore, be reckoned presumptuous in me to give an opinion in the matter. In the first place, I believe this want of ornamental designers to arise as much from the nature of the instruction given, as from the want of opportunities afforded for study. It is seldom that the young men who are admitted to our drawing academies consider their studies as merely intended to improve them in the useful arts to which they may be bred. They almost uniformly imbibe the idea of rising into a higher sphere, and seem to have no other ulterior object in their studies than to leave their humble calling, at the expiry of their indenture, and become artists. I speak from particular facts which have come under my own observation. Many an industrious young man of mediocre talent, but possessing sufficient to have raised him to the head of ornamental painting, have I known sacrifice himself to a life of penury and neglect from this vain idea.

I shall here give an original anecdote of the illustrious Author of *Waverley*, which relates directly to this subject. A young aspirant of this kind during his apprenticeship had produced some pictures which attracted the notice of this great man, who, with that goodness of heart for which he was so distinguished, took the youth under his particular patronage, and got him admitted to the academy of the honourable board of trustees. This young man, at the expiry of his indenture, like most others in similar circumstances, turned his back upon the humble profession of house-painting, to which he was bred, and laboured strenuously to gain a livelihood by painting pictures. Whether the penetrating eye of this wonderful man had seen, by the appearance of his protégé, the difficulties he was encountering, or by his works, that he had got a long probation to undergo before attaining eminence as an artist, is not known—probably both; but on one occasion, shortly after the expiry of his apprenticeship, when he waited upon his patron with a picture which he had been commissioned to paint, Sir Walter addressed him nearly as follows:—"I have thought for some time, that were young men who have a genius for painting, and who are not possessed of sufficient patrimony to enable them to follow such a course of study as alone can raise them to eminence in the fine arts, to endeavour to improve those professions in which a taste for painting is required, it would be a more lucrative field for their exertion. I know no profession that stands more in need of this than that to which you have been bred; and if you will follow my advice, you will apply yourself to its improvement, instead of struggling with the difficulties that you must meet in following the higher walks of art." In conclusion, he encouraged his protégé, by promising him his own house at Abbotsford to begin upon, the building of which had just commenced. I need scarcely add, that his advice was followed; and the illustrious individual who gave it, lived to see and acknowledge the satisfaction he felt from the beneficial effects that resulted from it. I trust its insertion here may be equally serviceable to others, for it would have been well for many who are now struggling with those difficulties pointed at in Sir Walter's advice, had they, upon being seized with the mania of becoming artists, had such a counsellor.

Various reasons may be assigned for the prevalence of this mania amongst young men who have had opportunities of studying the art of drawing; the flattery of their friends, injudicious patronage, the desire to become by the quickest and easiest means a gentleman, and various others, over which no national institution can have any control. The most prominent cause, however, seems to be, that nothing is reckoned a work of art unless it be a picture. No matter how superior an ornamental design may be, or how much study and knowledge it may have required to produce it; still the production of such, although it may increase the wealth of the individual, cannot raise him one step in the scale of society—he is only a mechanic in the eyes of the public.

On the other hand, no sooner does the youth lay aside his useful implements, and dash off upon canvas something like a landscape—often with no eye to nature, but in servile imitation of some popular painter—than he seems to be by common consent raised to the dignity of artist. In short, those branches of the fine arts that are applicable to manufactures and other departments of useful industry, do not in this country hold that relative situation to the higher and more intellectual branches to which they are fairly entitled. This is not the case in Italy, as I am informed by

an artist who has studied for several years in that country. He says, that in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice there are distinct professors in the following departments of art, architecture, painting, sculpture, engraving, perspective, and ornament; and that in this latter branch the pupils are so numerous, that the professor requires an assistant. Their examples are not only the best ornamental models of antiquity, but fruit, flowers, and foliage. Every fifteen days they are required each to make an original design within a given number of hours—precautions being taken to prevent deception; and, according to the merits of these, advancement and preference are bestowed.

Dr Ury states, that 'the town of Lyons is so conscious of the value of such studies, that it contributes 20,000 francs per annum to the government establishment of the school of arts, which takes charge of every youth who shows an aptitude for drawing or imitative design of any kind, applicable to manufactures.' Hence all the eminent painters, sculptors, even botanists and florists of Lyons, become eventually associated with the staple trade, and devote to it their happiest conceptions.

Even the Chinese seem to surpass us in directing the studies of their youth distinctly to their ulterior object.

A writer on painting, in Arnold's Library of the Fine Arts, mentions having seen a Chinese drawing-book, with progressive examples, where the separate characters of land and water, rock and foliage, were given in perfect detail; and to these were added implements of various kinds, with figures separate and in groups, all highly picturesque; and adds, that the object of all these preparatory studies of the pupil was to enable him to paint a fan, which was the last example given.

I feel quite assured, that, were a similar course followed in our academies, a sufficient portion of that genius which at present seems to be all flowing into one channel, would, like a mill-lead taken from a river, be directed from that which is merely ornamental to that which is essentially useful and beneficial to the country. Art would not suffer from this; on the contrary, where real genius was discovered, the facilities of encouraging it would be much greater; and we should have less of that misapplied, and often selfish sort of patronage, which fosters mediocre talent until it is factiously raised to where it cannot stand, and is then, by the desertion of such injudicious patrons, allowed to fall far below its own natural level.'

The good sense of these observations speaks for itself. It only remains to point out that new wants are constantly awakening or liable to be awakened in the public, and that, in all the considerable clusters of population, new modes of administering to the general convenience may, by the exertion of a little ingenuity, be easily devised, so as to become the means of procuring a livelihood. In conclusion, we would say that, if men were less prepossessed in favour of declining branches of employment, less apt to give an undue preference to some on account of their supposed dignity, and more alert in striking out new kinds of employments, there would be less occasion to cry "Every thing is overdone."

EMILY, A TALE OF PARIS.

DURING the stormy periods of the French revolution, the Count de Fontaine had served the cause of the Bourbons with fidelity and courage, in the long wars that desolated La Vendée. Although ruined by the confiscation of his property, this faithful royalist had constantly declined the offers of the Emperor Napoleon. Immoveable in his principles, he had blindly adhered to their maxims even when he chose a wife. He rejected the daughter of a rich adherent of the revolution, and selected a young girl without fortune, but who belonged to the most distinguished family of the province.

The restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne of his ancestors, found the Count de Fontaine burthened with a numerous family. Upon this joyful event, he repaired to Paris, where he found reason to complain against the ingratitude of princes, since himself and his services were treated with mortifying coolness. He was unable even to gain an audience of the newly restored monarch, and was about to leave Paris in despair, when the return of Napoleon from Elba once more unseated the Bourbons. Faithful to his principles, the count accompanied the king to Ghent, and, in the course of the exile, had occasion to recommend himself to the royal notice. Upon the second restoration, he was nominated to a lucrative office in the administration of the extraordinary domain of the crown, and, by the prudence of his conduct, and the sprightliness of his conversation, gained the confidence and favour of the sovereign. Thus he had sufficient influence and tact to get his three sons placed in honourable and well-endowed situations, and of three daughters, to get the two eldest married to personages

connected with the state. In a word, all were provided for except the youngest of his family, his beloved Emily. This young lady having passed her infancy in the country, had enjoyed every thing which gratifies the first pleasures of childhood. Her least wishes were laws for her sisters, brothers, mother, and even for her father, for they all doated upon her. She was just at the age of reflection when her family became the object of the capricious favours of fortune. The luxury with which she was surrounded, appeared to her quite as natural as the profusion of flowers and fruits, the woods and the rustic pleasures, which had formed the happiness of her earlier years. As in her infancy she had met no refusal to her wishes, so at the age of fourteen she found herself obeyed with the same devotion. Every thing smiled around her. Every eye she looked upon beamed with kindness for her, and, like all spoiled children, she tyrannised over those who loved her, and smiled upon those who viewed her with indifference.

Her father and mother had one day to reap the bitter fruits of such an education. Emily had arrived at the age of nineteen, and had not yet made any choice amongst the numerous young men whom the policy of the Count de Fontaine brought in crowds to his fêtes. She herself exercised unlimited sway wherever she appeared. Her beauty was so brilliant, that it was sufficient for her to enter a drawing-room to reign. Even old men could not contradict the opinion of a young girl who charmed them with a glance. Educated with particular care in all that concerned the talents to please, she was accomplished in every exterior qualification. Yet under this brilliant gloss, she concealed an opinion common to many young ladies, that no sphere was sufficiently elevated for her merits, and a pride which was founded as much upon her birth as upon her beauty.

Thus in her capricious imagination she had determined upon a programme, to which the object of her love should conform. "Above all," said she to herself, "he shall be young, and of ancient nobility. It is also necessary that he be a peer of France, or the eldest son of a peer, for it would be insupportable not to have a coronet on my carriage." But this was not sufficient, unless he joined great sensibility, a handsome face, and a slender person. This last grace, fugitive as it must be, was a rigorous condition. Emily had a certain ideal measure, which served her for a model; and the youth who at the first view did not fulfil the conditions of the prospectus, did not obtain a second look. Such opinions might amuse, thanks to the gaiety and liveliness of her eloquence; but M. de Fontaine heard them with heavy heart. At the close of a winter in which he had made unparalleled exertions to draw around her all the eligible young men both in Paris and the departments, and finding her refuse various brilliant offers, he seriously remonstrated with her, and frankly told her that from henceforth he gave up the task, as he felt it his duty to retrench his expenditure from a principle of justice to his other children. But Emily, instead of feeling any regret, expressed her joy at being left the arbitress of her own fate.

That day happened to be the anniversary of some domestic event, and the whole family dined together. During the dessert, Madame Bonneval, the wife of the receiver-general, and the eldest sister of Emily, spoke of a young Englishman, possessed of an immense fortune, who had become passionately enamoured of her sister, and had made her very dazzling offers. "He is a merchant, I believe," said Emily negligently; "I hate your financial people." "But, Emily," remarked the Baron de Vitaine, the husband of her second sister, "you hate also the magistracy; and if you reject every proprietor because he is not titled, I do not know in what class you will choose a husband." "I know what it is necessary for me to do," answered Emily; "I shall consult you when I need your advice."

An uncle of the Count de Fontaine, an old gentleman of seventy, whom the indemnity had rendered master of a large income, and who could say severe things to Emily, of whom he was childishly fond, exclaimed, "Do not torment my poor Emily. Do you not perceive that she is waiting until the Duke of Bordeaux comes of age?" A general laugh rewarded the plausibility of the old man.

From this day all ceased to take any further interest in the marriage of this capricious young lady, and the winter being ended, all families claiming title to fashion prepared to migrate, like flocks of birds, to the country. The opulent receiver-general had lately purchased a country house for his wife, to which the whole family was invited. Although the beautiful Emily despised plebeians, she did not carry her feeling of disgust to the pleasures which wealth, though amassed by citizens, can bestow. She accompanied her sister to her handsome villa, less from affection for the individuals who were assembled there, than from the imperious necessity which fashion imposed upon every female who had any respect for herself, of abandoning

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Paris during the summer months. To the green fields of Sceaux, then, did they all adjourn, which are admirably situated as offering the retreat rendered indispensable by the world of fashion, and near enough to Paris to permit any necessary duties to be attended to.

The rural ball of Sceaux is the most celebrated in the environs of Paris. In the middle of a garden, from which beautiful prospect opens out on all sides, is a large rotunda, the roof of which, light and extensive, is supported by elegant pillars. Under this rustic canopy is the famous dancing saloon. The neighbouring aristocracy, however elevated, generally once or twice during the season visit this palace of Terpsichore. The hope of seeing there some of the gay world, and the hope, less frequently disappointed, of meeting the young peasant girls, draws to the ball at Sceaux crowds of lawyers' clerks, of disciples of Esen-lapins, and of young men whom the back offices and shops of Paris send forth with yellow faces.

It was not long before the family of Fontaine paid a visit to the village festival, assuming a strict *incognito*, which has such piquant charms for the great. Emily had seated herself upon one of the large chairs in the outer circle of the room, and had placed herself at the extremity of the group formed by her family, in order that she might be left more free in her motions and observations. She surveyed the various groups around her, darting her scrutinising glance upon each figure as it approached her, and enjoying her fancied superiority. Her eyes, after having wandered over this vast animated scene, were upon a sudden fixed upon a form, which seemed as if placed purposely in a corner of the picture in the fullest light, as a personage out of proportion to the rest of the figures around. He was tall, and seemed thoughtful and solitary. Leaning lightly upon one of the columns which supported the roof, with his arms folded, he held himself in a lolling attitude, as if his position were selected for a painter. His gaze seemed to follow a young girl who was dancing, and in this contemplation he was absorbed. His beautiful black hair curled naturally upon his forehead. Of slender and elegant form, he recalled to the memory the beautiful proportions of Apollo. He wore none of those baubles with which an Adonis of the counter or the desk delights to deck himself. A black ribbon only, to which was attached his eye-glass, hung down his breast. Never had Emily been so captivated. The stranger became to her the object of a silent and secret admiration.

At the conclusion of the quadrille, the unknown advanced to the young lady dancing, and withdrawing her from the crowd, placed a shawl across her shoulders, and conducted her to a seat sheltered from the wind. Soon afterwards, Emily saw them rise and walk round the enclosure, as if preparing to depart. Seizing the arm of her brother, who sat next her, she found means to follow them, under pretext of admiring the views from the garden. She at length saw them enter an elegant tilbury, guarded by a servant in livery. At the moment the young gentleman seated himself, she caught a glance from him, but it was one which might be cast upon a crowd—full of indifference. She had indeed some little satisfaction in seeing him turn his head round two different times, in which the young lady, his companion, imitated him—from jealousy perhaps.

The impression made upon Emily by the handsome stranger soon became known in the family, and her old uncle promised to assist her in the search after him; but it was a long while before chance threw before them an opportunity of seeing him. One day as they were riding together, Emily pointed him out to her uncle, walking alone. The old Count de Rouët urged his horse suddenly forward, and pressed so near the person on foot as to force him to spring upon the grass which bordered the pathway. Then stopping his horse, the count, in a rage, exclaimed, "Could you not keep out of the way?" "Ah! I beg pardon, sir," answered the stranger; "I forgot it was my duty to offer an apology for being ridden over." A dispute was thus commenced, which the old count took care to prolong; and it became in a few seconds so hot, that he gave his name to his antagonist, requesting him to keep silent in the presence of the young lady under his charge. The stranger could scarcely avoid a smile, as he handed his card to the count, requesting him to observe that he was at present residing in a country house at Chevreuse, though his address was in Paris; after which he rapidly withdrew.

In the meanwhile, Emily remained in the greatest alarm, which her uncle soon dissipated. "I will now bring this corsair under your cross-fire," said he to his niece, "in our very drawing-room. But say nothing; leave all to me." Then drawing out his spectacles, he read the card—"M. Maximilian Longueville, Rue du Sentier." "It is a name belonging to one of our historical families, and if he be not a peer of France, he unquestionably will be. You are quite secure, Emily."

As they returned home, Emily was profuse in her gratitude to her uncle. "I am sure he is noble," said she, "his manners are so distinguished."

The following morning, before Emily had left her chamber, her uncle was on his way to Chevreuse. Distinguishing, in the court of an elegant villa, the young gentleman whom he had the day before so desperately insulted, he advanced towards him with that open politeness of the courtiers of the olden time,

"Ah! my dear sir, who could have thought that I should have an affair of honour, at seventy years of age, with the son or grandson of my best friend? I am a rear-admiral, sir: that is to say, I think as little of fighting a duel as of smoking a cigar. But, yesterday, I abused my privilege of a sailor. I would rather receive a hundred blows from a Longueville, than do the least injury to that family."

However coldly M. Longueville was disposed to receive the Count de Rouët, he could not resist the frankness and amiability of his manners; he accepted his offered hand. The count then added a pressing invitation to dinner in the pavilion de Bonneval, which was politely declined, but on the following day the young Longueville promised to pay his respects to the family, on which contract the old admiral insisted. "I will introduce you to the five prettiest women in Paris," said he. "Ha! my friend, you begin to look bright! I love young people. I love to see them happy. It reminds me of the glorious years of 71 and 72, when social entertainments were as plentiful as duels. We were gay then. But adieu, until tomorrow!"

On the morrow, about four o'clock, a servant announced to the inmates of the pavilion de Bonneval, Mousieur de Longueville. All were breathless to witness this prodigy of humanity, who had merited so honourable a mention to the detriment of so many rivals. An apparel as elegant as simple, manners full of ease and polish, voice of remarkable sweetness, with an accent which made the heart vibrate, gained for M. Longueville the general estimation. Although his conversation was that of a man of the world, it was easy to perceive that he had received an education of the highest order, and that his knowledge was solid as extended. He declined, with much politeness, the pressing solicitations made him to stay to dinner, and he stopped the observations of the ladies, by stating that he was attending a young sister, whose health was very delicate, and required great care. "Monsieur Longueville is without doubt a physician?" asked, with an ironical tone, one of the sisters-in-law of Emily. "I have not the honour to be a physician, madam," replied he; "and I have likewise given up all idea of entering any service, as I wish to preserve my independence."

Monsieur Longueville's visit was neither too long nor too short. He withdrew at the moment when he perceived that every one was pleased with him, and that he had awakened their curiosity respecting him. He repeated his attendance at the pavilion, and Emily thought, upon his third visit, that she discovered herself as its immediate object. This discovery caused such a delirium of joy in her breast, that she was herself astonished. She felt her pride humbled in the dust. Accustomed to give the law, she found herself chained as a captive in the hands of another. Meanwhile, the general curiosity respecting him was still kept unsatisfied by M. Longueville, which threw all the charm of mystery around him. Such was his modesty, that he never spoke of himself, nor of his pursuits, nor of his family. All the artful turns which Emily could give to conversation, all the snares she spread to entangle him in details of himself, were always vain. He played and sang delightfully; but if they attempted to learn if he were an artist, he joked with so much grace, that their inquiries only made the matter more uncertain. It was thus, perhaps, more easy for him to remain the *handsome unknown* at the pavilion Bonneval, than for others to restrain their curiosity within the bounds of politeness.

But the Count de Fontaine, in spite of the resolution he had come to of leaving Emily's marriage to herself, became uneasy at the progress in her affections made by a person altogether unknown; and, taking his daughter aside, he earnestly entreated her to be cautious and circumspect. She laughed at his uneasiness, but her father's words made an impression upon her, and she determined to come to an explanation with Maximilian, especially as the following was the last day of their residence in the country. After dinner, she strolled into the park, for she knew her lover would hasten to surprise her in the grove, where they often conversed. She felt she was in a difficult position. Up to the present moment, no direct avowal sanctioned the sentiment which bound her to M. Longueville, and she was therefore in no situation to demand of him any explanation of his views, or of his fortunes. Whilst musing on the circumstances of the last three months, which appeared to her as a summer's dream, Maximilian suddenly stood before her. At sight of him all her love returned. He placed her arm over his own, and thus together they stood beneath a tree upon which the sinking sun cast its dappled rays. The scene was one of solemn beauty, and was in harmony with their feelings. After a long-continued silence, Emily addressed her lover in a voice which well bespoke her deep emotion. "I have to ask you a question, sir—but pray, reflect, that it is in some sort imposed upon me, by the novel situation in which I stand with my family." A terrible pause succeeded these words which Emily had faltered through, and during that moment she durst not encounter the look of him she loved, for she felt all the baseness of the words she added—"Are you noble?" After pronouncing this last question, she wished herself any place but where she stood.

"Mademoiselle," replied M. Longueville gravely, whilst his countenance underwent a sudden change, "I promise to answer your question without evasion,

when you have replied with sincerity to the one I am about to put." He quitted the arm of Emily, who at once felt herself alone in the world. He continued: "For what purpose do you question me concerning my birth?" She had lost the power of speech—she remained motionless and mute. "Let us proceed no further," said Maximilian, "if we do not understand each other;" and then he added, in a deep and tender tone, "You must see that I love you?" An exclamation of joy broke from Emily, which assured the happy youth that the feeling was returned. "Then why, my dear Emily, do you ask me if I am noble?" replied Maximilian in his most soothing tone.

Would he talk so if he were not noble? thought Emily, as she consulted her heart. She raised her eyes to his, and seemed to draw new life as they met again. She took his arm once more, as if to cement their new alliance.

"Did you think I placed my hopes on dignities?" said she, with a bewitching smile. "I have no titles to offer my wife," said he, with an air half gay, half serious; "but this winter, my dear Emily, in less than two months perhaps, I shall be proud of what I may offer one fonder of the pleasures of wealth. This shall be the only secret I keep here (putting his hand upon his heart), for upon its success depends my happiness—dare I add ours?"

"Oh, yes! say ours." Thus happily conscious, they returned slowly to the company in the saloon. They sang an Italian duet together with an expression so admirable, that the company applauded them with a species of enthusiasm. Their farewell was breathed in an accent which concealed the most delicious of sentiments. In a word, this day was forged the chain which bound Emily for ever to the destiny of this brilliant unknown. The soul and dignity which he had displayed in the secret scene which had revealed their sentiments, imposed that feeling of respect on her mind, without which true love cannot exist.

A few days after this eventful interview, and on one of those fine mornings in November when the Parisians behold their Boulevards frozen into cleanliness by the keenness of a first frost, Emily drove out with one of her sisters and her sister-in-law. These three ladies were equally invited to the promenade by the desire of exhibiting a very elegant equipage and novel furs, which were to regulate the fashions of the winter, as by a wish to visit an extensive magazine situated in the corner of the Rue de la Paix, where some marvellously rich and original patterns were to be seen.

Whilst engaged in the inspection of various articles, her sister took Emily by the sleeve, and showed her Maximilian Longueville seated at a desk, engaged, with all mercantile grace, in giving change for a piece of gold to a seamstress, with whom he appeared in conversation, for he held in his hand some samples, which left no doubt as to his dignified profession. Emily grew deadly pale, and was seized with a cold shudder. However, with the self-possession of high society, she disseminated infinitely the rage that filled her heart, and she replied to her sister, "I knew it!"—the rich intonation and deep accent of which exclamation it would be difficult to describe. She advanced towards the desk. M. Longueville raised his head, and put the patterns in his coat pocket with a grace and coolness altogether unbearable. He bowed to Mademoiselle de Fontaine, and advanced towards her with an unembarrassed mien. "You will pardon me, I hope, Mademoiselle," said he; "you will have the goodness to excuse the tyranny which business exercises."

"It appears to me, sir, I am very little concerned in the matter," answered Emily, with a scornful and indifferent air, as if she saw him for the first time. "Do you speak seriously?" asked Maximilian, in an altered tone. Emily turned her back upon him with inexpressible disdain, and precipitately retook her seat in the carriage. She attempted to conceal her anguish by an affected gaiety, but she returned home, to pass through the paroxysms of a fever. For some time fears for her life were entertained, but she was ultimately restored to her family; and such was the ease with which she concealed or cast away her affections, that, at the end of a fortnight, she wished again to throw herself into the world.

The first time that Mademoiselle de Fontaine appeared at a ball, it was at the Neapolitan ambassador's. At the moment she took her place in the most brilliant of the quadrilles, she perceived Maximilian Longueville at some paces from her, and observed him make a slight motion of the head to the partner to whom she had given her hand. "That young man is one of your friends?" she asked of her partner, with an air of disdain. "I believe so," answered he; "he is my brother." Emily could not prevent a slight shudder.

"I am but just arrived from Vienna," continued her partner, "where I have been for two years in the French embassy. I have scarcely seen Maximilian since my return, for I found him ill and in bed, whilst politics do not always leave us leisure to evince our family affections." "Your brother is not likewise engaged in diplomacy?" said Emily. "No, poor fellow! He has sacrificed himself for me! He and my sister Clara voluntarily renounced their claim to my father's fortune, to heap upon my unworthy head an immense income; for my father, like many others, has his eye upon the peerage. He has already the promise. But my brother, aided by some capital, put himself into a commercial firm, and he has succeeded wonderfully. I know that he has just made

a speculation in the Brazils, which constitutes him a wealthy man; and I am overjoyed at having contributed by my diplomatic relations to insure his success." "But how could you allow your brother to sell muslins and calicoes?" demanded Emily. "Where did you learn that?" said the secretary of legation, in the utmost astonishment. "Did not you tell me so?" asked the artful girl.

"What a fool I am!" exclaimed the incipient ambassador. "Now I see it all!—my brother keeps casting his eyes slyly towards you; he dances in spite of his fever, and you pretend not to see him. My sister Clara has described to me the history of your loves, Mademoiselle. Pray make him happy," continued he, as he delivered her to the care of her old uncle; "my heart will leap when I shall call you—sister." Perhaps the exhortation was not lost upon Emily, though her features were not less inexorable than before.

Towards two in the morning, refreshments were laid out in an immense gallery, in which the tables were disposed after the manner of a restaurateur's, so as to permit the individuals of a party to sit together. By one of those chances which always happen to lovers, Emily was seated at a table close to that round which were placed some of the most distinguished guests of the fete, and Maximilian made one of this group. Emily lent an attentive ear to the conversation of her neighbours, and soon observed that a Neapolitan duchess was endeavouring to fascinate the heart of the youthful trader. The attentions which Maximilian affected to bestow upon her, wounded Emily the more, as she could not resist the return of her former passion, and felt again the force of reviving attachment. A conversation now ensued, in which Emily took a part.

"Do you conceive, Mademoiselle," said the duchess, with a smile, "that a Parisian is capable of undergoing any lot with him she loves?" The question was rather searching, but it was answered by Emily. "Yes," said she, "we can follow him to the desert, into a tent, but to pursue him to a desk!—that is!" She gave expression to her thought by a gesture of ineffable disdain.

Thus twice had the fatal influence of an unfortunate education blasted in Emily de Fontaine her hopes of happiness, and made her existence a blank. The apparent indifference of Maximilian, and the smile of a woman, had provoked her to one of those biting sarcasms, the enjoyment of which she could never deny herself. "Mademoiselle," said Maximilian to her, in a low voice, during the noise made by the ladies rising from table, "no one can form more ardent vows for your happiness than I. Permit me to give you this assurance whilst I take my leave of you; for in a few days I depart for Italy." "You will not go!" said the imperious girl, smiling. "You will find me married on your return. I forewarn you!" "I hope so," said he, as he bowed and retired. "The barbarian!" said Emily to herself; "he revenges himself too bitterly!"

A fortnight afterwards, Maximilian departed, accompanied by his sister Clara, for the warm and poetic regions of lovely Italy, leaving Emily a prey to unutterable anguish. Espousing the quarrel of his brother, the lively secretary of legation took a severe revenge for the disdaining air of Emily, by proclaiming the motives of the rupture of the two lovers, and returning his former partner the sarcasm she had launched, with multiplied usury. He painted her as the fair enemy of commerce, as the amazon who preached a crusade against all merchants and bankers, and as the delicate lady whose love evaporated before a yard of muslin. The Count de Fontaine was obliged to use all his credit at court to obtain for M. Augustus Longueville a mission to Russia, in order to spare his daughter from the ridicule with which her young persecutor so unrelentingly pursued her.

The ministry shortly afterwards felt obliged to make a batch of peers, to sustain their influence in the upper chamber. Monsieur Longueville, the father, was named peer of France and viscount. At the same time, the services of the Count de Fontaine were similarly rewarded.

And what became of Emily? We shall speedily see. The ridicule with which she had been covered was a thorough blight to her hopes. Her haughty conduct had deprived her of friends in her own sex, who could have soothed the anguish of her feelings, and she was shunned by every young man who might have sought her hand. When she recalled to her mind the engaging and noble qualities of her lost Maximilian, even her vanity could scarcely restrain the tears that were ever ready to start from her eyes, and, in utter hopelessness, she mourned the forlorn condition in which she saw herself—a being without a tie to link her to the world. As a resource against the cold neglect and scorn to which she was exposed, she attached herself to her old uncle, to whom she had always been an object of affectionate solicitude; and when she reflected on the desolate state in which her father's death might place her, her dear-bought experience of the world convinced her it was time to seek a protector. In a mingled feeling of despair and sorrow, therefore, at the age of twenty-three, she gave her hand, though she could not give her lacerated heart, to an aged nobleman—a slumped Pantaloona—a revived member of the ancient regime; and after so extraordinary a match had excused a day's gibes in the saloons of Paris, the unfortunate lady was left to her melancholy lot—the young wife of a decrepid and emaciated old man,

Two years after her marriage, she was visiting a saloon in the Faubourg St Germain, when suddenly the sonorous voice of a lacquey announced "the Viscount de Longueville." Happily for Emily, she was seated in a corner of the room, engaged in a game of piquet with the bishop of Persepolis. Turning her head, she saw Maximilian enter in all the lustre of youth. The death of his father, and that of his brother, killed in the inclemency of St Petersburg, had placed upon his brow the hereditary coronet. His immense fortune exceeded even the measure of his great virtues. The very day before, his fervid and brilliant eloquence had shone forth to admiration in the legislative chamber. He was the pride and ornament of society; the very idol which the wretched Emily had pictured to her imagination in her early and poetic dreams.

When she cast her eyes upon the being whom she was compelled to call her husband, she sought to conceal her emotion by putting her handkerchief to her face. At that moment the errors she had committed presented themselves in a terrible retrospective—she had sold herself—shipwrecked her happiness for life—and all for what? Her anguish of mind would not allow her to answer the question calmly to her conscience. In a state of mortified feeling and self-condemnation, she hurried from the scene—and shortly afterwards vanished entirely from public observation.

A FEW HINTS ON ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

THE first attempts of those who are inexperienced in literary composition, are generally marked by certain faults, which it may be of use to bring under their attention.

The principal fault of young writers is diffuseness: they employ too many words and sentences to express their meaning. Skill in composition is demonstrated by brevity; and to attain the happy art of conveying sentiments to the reader in a moderate number of words, ought to be one of the first objects of the essayist. One of the consequences of diffuseness, is obscurity, which produces weariness and want of interest, and often renders the reader insensible to real beauties. In order to be intelligible, it is particularly necessary to compose sentences of not too great a length. It is difficult to lay down any precise rule on this point; but it may be kept in mind, that sentences should not, except in particular instances, extend beyond five or six lines. Each sentence ought to convey an idea, or distinct portion of an idea. When several ideas are conveyed in a single sentence, confusion takes place. The sentence should not contain more than one or two divisions, separated by semicolons. Beginners seem very apt to neglect these simple arrangements: they apparently do not know when to conclude their sentences, and go on adding word to word, and tacking sentence to sentence, with such expressions as "notwithstanding," "besides," "in consequence of which," "nevertheless," "therefore," "yet," "still," "although," and so forth. It is this confused mode of writing, along with the liberal and injudicious introduction of the ugly word "but," that renders objectionable much that has cost no small degree of labour in composing.

Young writers have a tendency to fall into another error, which they may remark all experienced writers carefully shun. This consists in their setting out with a long-winded account of what they are going to write upon, the importance of the subject, and their own inability to do it justice. Suppose they intend to write an article giving an account of the mode of executing a particular branch of art, instead of commencing at once to describe the process, they begin in the following style:—"The subject now about to engage our attention is one which, every one will allow, would require to be treated with no ordinary degree of talent. It is a subject which has long attracted the observation of the learned in all countries of Europe—subject which it would be difficult to treat in a manner suitable to its importance—subject which it will not be anticipated we can discuss within the limits of a single paper; and therefore it is anxiously trusted that any imperfection which may appear in the course of the detail"—and a great deal more to the same purpose. Now, all this sort of introductory matter is impertinent gabble. If there be not sufficient space in a single paper to elucidate the subject, why occupy a single line with what does not conduce to the end in view? The plan to be followed is to come at once to the point, beginning with the subject in hand, whatever it may be, without any kind of preliminary observations. It is not unusual for us to receive from young writers, papers of eight pages in length, nearly one-half of which are devoted to apolo-

gising, and telling what is to be the subject, and the other half to comments on what has been described—the actual information conveyed on the topic in question being compressible into a very few lines. Come-to-the-point-ism, according to our views of the matter, is one of the principal qualities to be attained by aspirants in literature.

Another error occurs in the composition of some unpractised writers, which it would be well for them to avoid. It consists in inverting the sentences, or misplacing the words; that part of the sentence which ought naturally to come last being placed first. The following is a specimen of this faultiness of style:—"Born of parents in a humble rank of life, at the middle of the eighteenth century, the Scottish poet Burns, by the force of his genius, rose to eminence." The sentence should naturally run thus:—"Burns, the Scottish poet, was born of parents in a humble rank of life, at the middle of last century, and rose to eminence by the force of his genius." The inversion or misplacing of the parts of the sentence, as in this specimen, although perhaps permissible in oratory and rhyming declamation, is an irregularity which should by all means be shunned by the writers of plain prose; simplicity and straightforwardness of style being always preferable to ambiguity or inflation of language. The practice of inverting sentences often arises from a too ardent and engrossing pursuit of classical studies; the Latin language, according to our idiom, being altogether an inversion of sentences. Thus, the study of Latin never produces a pleasing style in English, but the reverse.

We seldom see the subjunctive mood of the verbs *to have* and *to be* properly managed in ordinary writing. No defects in grammar, for instance, are more common than "if it has," or "if it is;" the former should be written "if it have," and the latter "if it be;" for in both instances the word *should* is implied, as, "if it should have," "if it should be." The error is much more frequent in the writings of Scotch than English authors.

In a former number of our work (187) we endeavoured to point out the exceeding impropriety of introducing Latin words and their abbreviations into English composition, such as *viz.*, *ib.* or *ibid.*, and *est* or *i. e.*, which words and contractions ought to be entirely disused, and their meanings given in English. A similar observation applies to the very common abbreviation of *et cetera*, expressed by the sign &c. We agree with Cobbett in his reprobation of this unseemly contraction. Speaking on this subject in his Grammar of the English Language, he remarks, "The frequent use of abbreviations is always a mark of slovenliness and vulgarity. Instead of the word *and*, you often see people put &c., for what reason I should like to know. But to this &c. is sometimes added a c. thus &c. *And* is in Latin *et*, and *c.* is the first letter of the Latin word *cetera*, which means *the like*, or *and so on*. Therefore this &c. means *and the like*, or *and so on*. This abbreviation of a foreign word is a most convenient thing for such writers as have too much indolence or too little sense to say fully and clearly what they ought to say. If you mean to say *and the like*, or *and so on* [or *and so forth*], why not say it? This abbreviation is very frequently made use of without the writer having any idea of its import." It might have been added, that many also add &c. to the end of a sentence when they have exhausted all they have to enumerate. In this case the reader is not well treated: he is left to guess the nature of that which has in reality no existence.

The erroneous expressions "from thence" and "from whence" are common; the word *from* ought not to be introduced in either case; "hence," "thence," and "whence," being of themselves sufficient to express the ideas intended. The word "whether" applied to three things is also a very common error in composition. It should never apply to more than two, being an abbreviation of "which of the either." To say such a thing "is being done," is a gross vulgarism of style: "is in the course of being done" is the correct phrase.

Some writers are in the habit of using the phrase "at all," which is neither elegant nor necessary. The following is an example: "If the cotton-spinners of Lancashire had triumphed sixty years ago over Arkwright's machinery, there would not have been a single man, woman, or child, of those spinners employed at all, within twenty years after that most fatal triumph." It will be perceived that the sense would have been here complete without the "at all." The

use of this, as in the case of many other phrases equally objectionable, arises from a practice of writing in an exaggerated strain of thinking, or with an undue anxiety to impress the facts upon the mind of the reader.

THE DIVINING ROD.

THERE formerly prevailed, and still to some extent prevails, a superstitious notion that the position of minerals and hidden springs of water, and even stolen property, and the guilt of criminals, might be discovered by the use of a succulent elastic twig, which has thence received the name of the *Divining Rod*. In the progress of knowledge, the use of this instrument as an aid to the inquiries of justice has been abandoned; but it is still employed in America and other parts of the world, for the discovery of metals and water. More than one English writer has spoken highly of the esteem in which it has been held by the miners of Britain. In France, as lately as 1781, a volume was published, "detailing six hundred experiments, made with all possible attention and circumspection, to ascertain the facts attributed to the divining rod; by which is unfolded their resemblance to the admirable and uniform laws of electricity and magnetism." In America, there are many decided friends of the divining rod, and the public journals of that country not unfrequently contain letters of respectable correspondents, stoutly maintaining its pretensions to truth and utility. It is also to America that we are indebted for the first attempt we are aware of to explain the phenomena which have given rise to the superstition. We allude to an article in a late number of Professor Silliman's American Journal of Science, which we shall abridge for the instruction, and, we trust, the entertainment also, of our readers.

Those wishing to have a divining rod, usually take a forked branch of any tree whose bark is smooth, and whose fibre is very elastic. The witch hazel is in the highest esteem, not merely for its potent name, but also for the convenient size and ready forks of its plenteous branches, and the uncommon elasticity of its fibre. The peach and the cherry are often used. The limbs of the fork should be eighteen inches or two feet in length, and of the diameter of a pipe-stem. When used, it is grasped at the extremity of each limb by the hands, the palms being turned upwards, and the fingers inwards, to the body. The rod is held loosely in this manner, until the diviner begins to apprehend the action of the hidden influence, when he tightens his grasp, and the limbs of the rod become bent from their middle to their lower extremities outward. The diviner, holding the twig carefully in this fashion, moves onward with a slow and creeping step. In due time, the head of the fork turns downwards, and, coming to point perpendicularly to the earth, is supposed to mark the site of the fountain or ore.

The action of the rod, under these circumstances, is a fact plain to the vision of every beholder. Those who hold it are oftentimes men in whose hands life, property, and reputation, might be entrusted; and no doubt they are wholly unconscious of the power which excites the action of the rod, and are themselves the greatest dupes to their art. Nor is this superstitious belief confined to the illiterate. It is by no means unusual for men of learning, in want of fountains for domestic use, to call for the demonstrations of the divining rod, and occasionally to acknowledge its success. While the diviner is prosecuting his search, the rod discovers its sensibility by the motion of the point from its vertical position downwards, through the arc of a semicircle, until it rests perpendicular to the earth, when the desired spot is considered as found. This motion, so far from being intended by the holder of the rod, is said to be made in opposition to the closest grasp his hands can give; so much so, that the green bark is generally ruptured, as it is fairly wrung from the rod in the contest between the force which bears the point of the rod down, and the pinching grasp of the diviner to prevent that motion. But the rod does not exhibit this mysterious action in the hands of every man. It is only with a few charmed individuals that it is supposed to move, not only involuntarily, but contrary to their best efforts. These few are of no peculiar age, constitution, or habits, to distinguish them from their fellow-men, though it may be observed that no females have been known to possess the gift.

Diviners pretend to no change in their feelings during the action of the rod, and attribute the whole to the attracting influence of something unseen. The art is highly valued in the southern and western states of America, where water is neither abundant, in general, nor pure. Here the water-hunter obtains celebrity. He is sent for to a great distance, and performs wonders with praiseworthy modesty, and for a moderate compensation. If he endeavours to extend his art to the discovery of metals, however, he is generally looked upon with some suspicion, notwithstanding a common belief that his ability equals his pretensions. This he turns to account, by declaring, when his rod fails to discover water, that the counteracting presence of some mineral must have caused his want of success.

The true secret of this remarkable delusion is explained in the following manner by the American

writer:—"In the year 1821, he visited the residence of a respectable farmer in Ohio, where he happened to notice a new well, at rather an inconvenient distance from the house. On inquiring into the reason, his friend informed him that it had been selected by the divining rod, and was but seven or eight feet deep; a circumstance somewhat rare, and a triumphant witness to the powers of the rod. It had been discovered by a respectable man, a regular professor of the art. The curiosity of the visitor was excited, and on learning that the rod marked perfectly well in the hands of one of the farmer's sons, he obtained leave to try some experiments with him. The boy was about twelve years of age, and was by no means disinclined to the task, being not a little proud of his supposed gifts. Divining rods were prepared from every shrub and tree in the forest, and the grass-plot in which the new well was situated, was selected as the scene of trial, because there the discoverer of the spring had already traced out three distinct veins of water. After the visitor had endeavoured unsuccessfully to make the rod exhibit its singular movement in his own hands, he directed the boy to try whether it would take any notice of a swift brook which ran on one side of the inclosure. The boy, after repeated trials in various ways, declared himself sensible of some motion in the rod, but thought the attraction of the brook far inferior to that of a hidden vein of water. The three veins of water, formerly indicated, were next traced by the boy over the space of an acre, and their whole course marked behind him on the light turf with a stick. During the process, the young diviner was repeatedly asked if he was sure he was going on correctly, and constantly answered in the affirmative. This done," says the writer, "I blindfolded him so that he could not see, took him lightly by the elbow, and led him away from the furrow marking the vein of water on which the new well had been sunk. After a few steps, I turned with him, requesting him to hold up the rod for discovery. I guided him back, but he chose the time of every step. The rod began to turn, and when, having finished its circuit, it turned perpendicular to the earth, he stopped. 'Do you mean that the rod points exactly to the vein of water?' 'Yes,' he replied. And indeed it did: with his eyes he could not have pointed it out more correctly.

This was demonstration. Conviction could neither be resisted nor avoided. The sight of the new well had prepossessed me in favour of the divining rod. The experiment with the lad had been conducted fairly, and its result was irresistibly conclusive. It must convince every one: and to obtain a collection of facts which would put the question at rest for ever, I continued the experiment." But, alas, for the reputation of the divining rod! The blindfolded boy was led from one place to another, and failed incessantly to discover the traces of his lately discovered springs. The rod pointed often enough, and every time it did so, the place was marked; but though the experiment was persisted in till the whole grass-plot became figured with black spots, the courses of the original three veins were never once lighted upon. This speedily settled the matter in the mind of the boy's companion. The illusion of the fountains, and of all attraction under ground, vanished at once. The motion of the rod remained still a mystery, but it must be accounted for in some other way. "In all my experiments with diviners since," continues the writer, "I have found them very shy of a blinder. No diviner has proved so traitorous to his own self-respect as to test the skill of the rod by depriving it of the light of his own eyes. One whose age and respectability obliged me to pay him deference, was pleased with the suggestion of trying the rod over running water above ground. Across a neighbouring stream a huge tree had been prostrated, its capacious trunk serving as a firm pathway over the swift waters. On this the good man crossed the brook, holding the divining rod properly in his hands. As he came over the water, the point of the rod began to turn, but did not reach the end of its motion until he had fairly crossed the stream, and stepped on the opposite bank. In repeating the experiment, his own motions and those of the rod were better timed together. His conclusion, carefully drawn, was, that the rod was affected by running water above ground, but not so much as by water under ground. He held the rod with peculiar spirit, and an air of determination. Hoping to catch his lively manner, I took a rod, as I stood on the bank of the rivulet, and tried my own hands again. I moved neither hand nor foot, but the rod commenced its action; neither could I restrain it. He who has held the Leyden jar in one hand, while, for the first time in his life, he received its electric charge with the other, will recognise the sensation which communicated itself to the heart, when I felt the limbs of that rod crawling round, and saw the point turning down, in spite of every effort my clenched hands could make to restrain it. To my great satisfaction, without moving from the spot, I found the bark start and wring off from the limbs of the rod in the contest, just as the diviner often shows, to convince himself and his employer of the discovered fountain. It was manifest that the force moving the divining rod is unconsciously applied by the *hands of the diviner*, and that the great art in holding the rod consists in holding it spiritedly. A smooth bark and a moist hand appeared to have a substantial connection with divining, and from that day till this, the rod has never failed to move in my hands, nor in the hands of those I instruct.

Take the rod in the diviner's manner, and it is evident that the bent limbs of the rod are equivalent to two boughs tied together at one extremity; and, when bent outwards, they exert a force in opposite directions upon the point at which they are united. Held thus, the forces are equal and opposite, and no motion is produced. Keep the arms steady, but turn the hands on the wrists inward an almost imperceptible degree, and the point of the rod will be constrained to move. If the limbs of the rod be clenched very tightly, so that they cannot turn, the bark will burst and wring off, and the rod will shiver and break under the action of the opposing forces. The greater the effort made in clutching the rod, the shorter is the bend of the limbs, and the greater the amount of opposing forces meeting in one point; and the more unconsciously, also, do the hands incline to turn to their natural position on the wrists. And this gives true ground for the diviner's declaration, that the more powerful his efforts are to restrain the rod, the more powerful are its efforts to move."

This seems to be the true secret of an absurd superstition, prevalent amongst an intelligent community, by which the performer, and those who place confidence in his art, are equally deceived. The practice is followed by so many persons of respectable character, that it would be unjust to attribute fraud to them, and we must conclude that they are themselves in total ignorance of the truth. Any one may convince himself that the writer above quoted is correct in his solution of the mystery of the divining rod, by simply tying together two large goose quills at the tips, and using them in the same manner as the diviner uses his rod. Two pieces of whalebone will answer the same purpose; and, indeed, the American Journal informs us that a professional gentleman, a most excellent man, and a well-known diviner, not many years deceased, commonly used a fork of whalebone as a divining rod.

There is another curious circumstance connected with this subject, which is, that the water-hunter not only pretends to determine the site of a fountain by his instrument, but also to discover the depth at which it is to be found. Having ascertained the supposed site of the water, he retires slowly to a little distance, and advances again cautiously towards the spot. The moment the rod begins to move, he stands still and marks the place. He repeats his examination in the same way in every direction around the discovered spring, and makes it appear that the rod is affected on every side within a circle of a certain extent. The diameter of this circle is exactly double the depth of the water. Suppose the depth of the well to be seven, then the diameter of the circle within which the rod is moved, will be fourteen feet; but, strange to say, if the water lie seven times seven feet below the surface, then the rod will point within a circle seven times larger, or, in other words, the attraction increases with the distance!

The American writer concludes thus:—"The pretensions of diviners are worthless. The art of finding fountains and minerals with a succulent twig is a cheat upon those who practise it, an offence to reason and common sense, an art abhorrent to the laws of nature, and deserving of universal reprobation."

LONDON MANNERS AS THEY WERE AND ARE.

It was the object of several articles in our fourth volume to expose the absurdity of the prevailing impression of each successive age, that it was more enlightened, but less moral, than that which preceded it. We have seldom found any thing more satisfactory on this point than the evidence given before the English Education Committee, in June 1835, by Mr Francis Place, a retired London tradesman, who recollects the moral state of the city nearly fifty years ago, and is able to compare it with the present. Mr Place was a journeyman in London at seventeen, and a master at twenty, and, being apparently a very intelligent and observant person, he has every "reason to know," as well as every ability to tell, all about the manners of the metropolitan middle and lower orders for the space of time adverted to. The result of his observations is given in one sentence: the habits of these classes are "very greatly improved"—improved since 1790, improved since 1817, a constant progressive improvement. Before giving any facts of his own observation to prove this assertion, he quotes a letter from Mr Watkins, the mathematical instrument-maker at Charing-Cross, which relates that on Easter Day, when, as usual, none but tradespeople visit public places, no fewer than a thousand and one persons visited the Gallery of Practical Science in Adelaide Street—an exhibition, by the way, which we can describe from personal observation as one of the most rational, improving, and at the same time amusing, in existence, and an honour to the country which supports it. A few years ago, says Mr Watkins, the persons who thus spent their holiday would have been at fairs and other low entertainments. Mr Place states that even the seamen, and

the mean populace about the docks, are greatly improved, and can now be approached without disgust to the ear, or danger to the person. He is satisfied that crimes have decreased in proportion to the population. "Many things," says he, "have been made crimes within a few years past, which were scarcely considered crimes formerly. It was within my recollection a rare thing for a pickpocket ever to be prosecuted, unless he was a very notorious person. A pickpocket, when taken, was ducked or pumped upon. I have seen them ducked and pumped upon. I saw a number of pickpockets in Fleet Street turn upon a gentleman whom they had robbed, call him a pickpocket, and cause him to be ducked at Whitefriars' Dock; this was one of the cases which tended to put an end to that mode of summary and illegal punishment. Boys and young thieves were thrashed and sent about their business. Nobody ventures now to thrash a boy in the streets; he would be indicted for an assault if he did; such cases are prosecuted now. The number of commitments is no criterion of the number of crimes. There is the London police and the increased vigilance of the magistrates. You will find similar evidence at this I am now giving in the Minutes of the Police Committees of this House. The present establishment of the magistrates, and the more recent establishment of the police, has made detection much more certain; and I have no doubt this vigilance will prevent crimes, and that the number of persons committed will decrease."

A few of the questions of the committee, with Mr Place's answers, are here given:—

"Can you speak to the conduct of apprentices; you have been an apprentice yourself?—Yes, I was a Fleet Street apprentice, and the conduct of such youths at that time was such, that there is nothing with which it can be compared at present; the conduct of the apprentices at the time of which I am speaking was such as can scarcely be believed without good evidence. There were twenty-one apprentices who formed one gang, and these youths used to go to Temple-Bar in the evening, set up a shouting, and clear the pavement between that and Fleet Market of all the persons there. The boys all knew boxing; and if any boy resisted, one or two would fall upon him, and thrash him on the spot; nobody interfered; there was no police, or any mode of interfering with these boys. This was one of their tricks; they played all sorts of blackguard tricks.

As to the habits of tradesmen and masters, do you think they are better?—The conduct of such persons was exceedingly gross as compared with the same class at the present time. As an instance of it, I can remember the houses of tradesmen in the Strand occupied by persons in similar lines of business as they are now; their parlour floors were sanded, where they now have carpets. Decency was a very different thing from what it is now; their manners were such as scarcely to be credited. I remember, when a boy of ten years of age, being at a party of twenty, entertained at a respectable tradesman's, who kept a good house in the Strand, where songs were sung which cannot now be more than generally described from their nastiness, such as no meeting of journeymen in London would allow to be sung in the presence of their families.

Did they pass much of their time in taverns and public-houses, rather than with their families?—It was the almost universal custom for decent tradesmen, as they were called, to attend public-house parlours of an evening, and most of them supped there. At many of those houses there were lottery clubs and punch clubs: this custom was the ruin of an immense number of them. I have a list of twenty-seven, all living within five hundred yards of St Clement's church, who were reduced to poverty by their bad habits; some of them in their old age died in the workhouse; those were men that ought to have done well and saved money. Among the same class of persons, for one who saved money then, there are twenty who save money now. The education of their children was any thing but what it ought to be. The instruction my father gave to my schoolmaster was, that when I got to the end of the rule of three, I was to be taken away, as that was, he thought, a competent education for his class of persons.

Do you think they are more provident and saving of money?—Graztly so; and in respect to their children, there is a very general desire to give them a much better education.

As to the employment of their time at home, their amusements, are they more refined?—There were few rational employments at home; the men were seldom at home in the evening, except there were card-playing and drinking; they spent their time in a very useless, and but too generally in a very mischievous manner.

Has reading at home increased?—There was very little reading formerly among common tradesmen and persons of similar classes. I made inquiries a few years ago, and found that between Temple-Bar and Fleet Market there were many houses, in each of which there were more books than all the tradesmen's houses in the street contained when I was a youth. The prejudice against a man having books was very great. In my own case, even in 1812, I lost as many customers as paid me for the goods they had to the amount of £500 a-year, on a gentleman discovering that I had a room full of books. I was so well aware of the feeling, that I suffered not one of my customers to know that I had a book, as far as I could avoid it. The person alluded to was unadvisedly let into my room in my absence by my foreman; and when I afterwards waited upon him, he told me he supposed I had been reading my books instead of attending to his orders. When he discovered that I, a common tradesman, presumed to collect books, he took pains to take away the whole of his connection. If I had been a sot, a man who spent his time in a public-house, was not a man taking pains to acquire information, he would have had no complaint against me; but he could not endure that his tradesman should presume to acquire knowledge, should presume, as he thought I intended, to put myself on a level with himself.

They were not books that were objectionable?—They were historical, biographical, geographical, and metaphysical works.

Had he examined your books?—No, he had no time to examine them; he was not in the room for five minutes.

Do you think drunkenness, both in the wealthier and working classes, has diminished?—Yes, undoubtedly, in both. The tradesmen, such as I have been speaking of, do not spend their money in public-houses as they used to do. The manners of persons who follow no employment, you all know. The workmen, an immense number of them are occupied in different ways beneficially to themselves, the better sort of them especially. I was one of the original founders of the Mechanics' Institution in London, and with that excellent and good man, Dr Birkbeck, was enabled to establish it. If it had been attempted even ten years sooner, we should not have succeeded; the improvement which took place in that ten years enabled us to establish it. I visited the clubs of almost all the trade societies of all the workmen in London, and collected many of the men together for the purpose of establishing it. It has been exceedingly beneficial, not only as an institution, but as an example, which has spread over the country.

From the ballads and books in the hands of people at that time, do you think there is an improvement?—The ballads sung about the streets, the books openly sold, cannot be adequately described. I have given you in writing, words of some common ballads which you would not think fit to have uttered in this committee. At that time the songs were of the most indecent kind; no one would mention them in any society now; they were publicly sung and sold in the streets and markets, and bought by maid-servants. I have seen it many times, and the way in which they were sung was peculiar. I have a collection of some of them among other materials, to show what were the manners of the people at that time. Books were openly sold in shops of booksellers in leading streets, which can only be procured clandestinely now. I have seen the Prayer Book, the Racing Calendar, and these books bound alike, side by side, in very respectable shop-windows in the leading streets.

The places of public resort, the tea-gardens, are they better conducted?—They are; formerly they were as notorious as they were infamous. In Gray's Inn-lane was the Blue Lion, commonly called the Blue Cat; I have seen the landlord of this place come into the long room with a lump of silver in his hand, which he had melted for the thieves, and pay them for it.

You have seen that take place openly?—Yes, and have heard plans of robbery and thieving talked of publicly; there was no disguise about it, it was done openly; there is no such place now. There is nothing like the old tea-gardens now, nor has there been for many years; nor do I believe there is a single house in London at all to compare with the Blue Lion. Close at hand, in Pall Mall, under the old academy rooms, there was a place called the Shades, kept by an old thief, who wrote a song and sang it; the chorus was, "Then who would work and not go thieving!" The song pointed out the difficulties of labour and getting on in the world, and the superior advantage of thieving; the chorus was repeated by the whole company; the landlord used to sing it frequently, almost every night. Numerous songs were sung about the streets in praise of housebreaking, highway-robberies, and thieving; I have some specimens of them in my possession.

As to the amusements of the people, what were they?—All of a gross nature. We hear much talk of the desecration of the Sabbath, but it was much more desecrated formerly. At the time I am speaking of, there were scarcely any houses on the eastern side of Tottenham Court-road; there, and in the Longfields, were several large ponds; the amusements here were duck-hunting and badger-baiting; they would throw a cat into the water, and set dogs at her; great cruelty was constantly practised, and the most abominable scenes used to take place. It is almost impossible for any person to believe the atrocities of low life at that

time, which were not, as now, confined to the worst paid and most ignorant of the populace.

You think not only the Sunday, but the week-day, is conducted with far greater decorum than it used to be?—Yes.

As to the comfort of the people, the description of houses you know the lower class of operatives used to live in, and in which they live now, have there been improvements?—Vast improvements. At Lambeth, running parallel with the Thames, there is a street, a mean-looking street, near the church, with pitched pavement; in that street every window was a casement-window, broken and patched with paper or rags; the door-posts of the houses were blacked with dirt; there were no curtains in any of the windows; the women used to come to the doors, and wash their linen in large earthenware pans; they wore coarse black worsted stockings, linsey-woolsey petticoats, no gowns, and no handkerchiefs on their necks; that was the common practice. There is no such thing now; there is but one house in that street that has a casement-window, and there is not a window without a curtain, nor a door-post that is not clean. The houses were then, as now, kept principally by fishermen; the trade of a Thames fisherman is a great deal worse than formerly, yet there is much more decency and comfort among them.

Do you think that the improvement in-doors has kept pace with the improvement out-of-doors?—Yes, especially with respect to women; the cotton manufacture has produced a revolution among them; it superseded the woollen garments, which were seldom or never changed, and seldom or never washed; it brought in a degree of cleanliness which has been increasing continually. If gentlemen wish to observe the actual state of the better sort of working people, they should go to White Conduit-house and the fields beyond that place on a Sunday afternoon, about five or six o'clock, and they will see thousands with their children as neatly dressed as people can be; they will see them going home before dusk perfectly sober, and their conduct as discreet as that of any class of persons can be.

You ascribe that improvement to the improvement in the police?—To a considerable extent; every class above another teaches that below it; the journeyman tradesman is above the common labourer, and manners descend from class to class.

Have you entered any of the coffee-shops for the sake of informing yourself?—Yes, I have. Some of them are very fine places now. I was connected with those who originally set them up. I was at that time a member of the Lancasterian School committee, and some very religious men who were also connected with the school took an objection to the coffee-shops; they thought they would lead to evil; other religious persons interfered, and it was intended to apply to Parliament to put them down; this took place in the year 1811. On further examination, it was ascertained that these shops were the means of great improvement to the working people; they took their breakfast in them, and looked at papers and pamphlets, instead of doing as they had hitherto done, drink purl and gin; it was a common practice, before a journeyman went to work, for him to have a pennyworth of purl and a half-penny-worth of gin in it; this hot liquor tended to stupefy them. In the Report of the Committee on the Beer Bills there is evidence of the advantage of coffee-shops, from publicans who had been injured by losing their morning customers for purl and gin.

Do you think, as a set-off to those improvements both in comforts and habits you have referred to, that there is a set-off in any new bad habits or vices which have been introduced among the people?—No, I am not aware of any new vice having sprung up among the people; there has been a decrease of vice in every respect, and a great increase of decency and respectability.

To what do you principally attribute those improvements?—To information; you will find as the working people get more information, they get better habits.

Their reading supplies them with materials for conversation, you think?—Yes, undoubtedly; I gave an instance to the Committee on Drunkenness; the words are these:—"I know that if you teach ignorant persons, and especially young men, something of geography, astronomy, and natural history, you give them a taste for reading which hardly ever leaves them. I can give you an instance, a striking one, which may stand for the character of a large class as to the efficacy of a little learning. I was going up Constitution Hill one Sunday in the spring, when the moon was up, just before church-time in the morning; I overtook three lads; they appeared to be what are called serve boys, plasterers' labourers; the middle one was a lad about seventeen or eighteen years of age, the other two were about fifteen or sixteen; I heard the oldest of the lads say, There is the moon! Yes, said one of the other boys. The moon is round, said the oldest boy; do you not see? Yes, said the other. Well, said the first, that is part of the solar system. Solar system! what is that? asked his companion. Oh, said he, don't you know what that is? The lad then explained to the others the solar system, beginning with the sun in the centre, and describing the planets, their sizes, distances, &c. When I got a little farther, some vagabonds were being turned out of a gin-shop; among them was a lad about the same age as the oldest of the three boys; he was three parts drunk, and began sparring in

the street, obstructing the passengers, to draw their attention to his folly. The inference which can alone be drawn is this, that the lad who taught the solar system could not have been thrust out of a gin-shop three parts drunk on a Sunday morning; the information he possessed would save him from such degradation."

AN OLD ENGLISH PLAY.

The merits of the dramatic contemporaries of Shakespeare are pretty generally acknowledged, without being generally known. In order to remedy this in some degree, we propose to lay before our readers an analysis of one of their compositions, together with a few of its finest passages. The play we have selected is the Duchess of Malfy, by John Webster—a person of whom little is known, but that he wrote this and one or two other tragedies, and was clerk of the parish of St Andrews, Holborn. The works of Webster have been described by Henry Mackenzie as in a peculiar degree liable to the charge of irregularity and imperfection, which has been brought against the dramatic writings of the age of James I. Yet, says that critic, "some single scenes are to be found in his works, inferior in power of passion to nothing in the whole range of the drama. He was a man of truly original genius, and seems to have felt strong pleasure in the strange and fantastic horrors that rose up from the dark abyss of his imagination. The vices and the crimes which he delights to paint, all partake of an extravagance, which nevertheless makes them impressive and terrible, and in the retribution and the punishment there is a character of corresponding wildness." Webster may, in short, be described as the Radcliffe of his own age and class of writers.

The Duchess of Malfy is an Italian princess in her own right, who, soon after the loss of her first husband, fixes her affections on Antonio, her steward, an accomplished and brave gentleman, to whom she in time divulges her passion. They are married, and have three children, before any suspicion of their intercourse is entertained. It is then discovered by a wretch named Bosola, who had suffered punishment in the galleys for murder, and who communicates the intelligence to the brothers of the duchess, then residing at Rome. Ferdinand and the Cardinal, as they are respectively termed, had for ambitious reasons endeavoured to avert a second marriage of their sister, and their rage knows no bounds when they learn that she has had children by an unknown father. Ferdinand comes to court, full of cruel designs, and discovers that his sister is married to Antonio. Alarmed for the violence of his passions, the duchess and her husband fly to Ancona, where, however, the vengeance of Ferdinand still keeps them in dread, and Antonio is prevailed upon by the lady to seek a safer refuge, in company with one of the children. She is then, with the two other children, seized, brought back to Malfy, and imprisoned with disgrace by Ferdinand. Up to this period, the interest of the play has chiefly lain in the affection of this ill-starred pair; but, now, in the fourth act, the peculiar genius of the author breaks forth in a series of scenes full of the wild and terrible. Ferdinand racks his genius to devise mental tortures for his sister, such as may properly herald the death which he has designed for her. The following is only the preparative of something worse:—

FERNANDO, BOSOLA.

Fer. How doth our sister duchess bear herself in her imprisonment?

Bos. Nobly: I'll describe her: She's sad as one us'd to't, and she seems Rather to welcome the end of misery Than shun it; a behaviour so noble, As gives a majesty to adversity: You may discern the shape of loveliness More perfect in her tears, than in her smiles; She will muse for hours together; and her silence (Methinks) expresseth more than if she spake.

Fer. Her melancholy seems to be fortified with a strange disdain.

Bos. 'Tis so; and this restraint (Like English mastiffs that grow fierce with tying) Makes her too passionately apprehend those pleasures she's kept from.

Fer. Curse upon her! I will no longer study in the book Of another's heart; inform her what I told you. [exeunt.

DUCHESS, BOSOLA.

Bos. All comfort to your grace.

Duch. I will have none:

Fray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poison'd pills In gold and sugar?

Bos. Your eldest brother, the Lord Ferdinand, Is come to visit you; and sends you word, 'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow Never to see you more, he comes i'th' night; And prays you (gently) neither torch nor taper Shine in your chamber; he will kiss your hand, And reconcile himself; but, for his vow, He dares not see you.

Duch. At his pleasure. Take honor the lights, he's come.

Fer. Where are you?

Duch. Here, sir.

Fer. This darkness suits you well.

Duch. I would ask your pardon.

Fer. You have it;

For I account it the honourabl'st revenge,

Where I may kill, to pardon.

It had been well,

Could you have liv'd thus always; for indeed

You were too much i'th' light; but, no more,

I come to seal my peace with you: here's a hand

[gives her a dead man's hand.]

To which you have vow'd much love; the ring upon't

You gave.

Duch. I affectionately kiss it.

Fer. Pray do; and bury the print of it in your heart.

I will leave this ring with you, for a love token;

And the hand, as sure as the ring; and do not doubt

But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,

Send it to him that own'd it; you shall see

Whether he can aid you.

Duch. You are very cold,

I fear you are not well after your travel:

Ha! lights; Oh, horrible!

Fer. Let her have lights enough. [exit.

Duch. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left

A dead man's hand here?

[Here is discovered the artificial figures of Antonio and his children, appearing as if they were dead.]

Bos. Look you, here's the piece from which it was ta'en;

He doth present you this sad spectacle,

That now you know directly they are dead.

Hereafter you may (wisely) cease to grieve

For that which cannot be recovered.

Duch. There is not, between heav'n and earth, one wish

I stay for after this: it wastes me more

Than were't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,

Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried

In some foul dunghill; and yond's an excellent property

For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

Bos. What's that?

Duch. If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,

And let me freeze to death.

Bos. Come, you must live.

Duch. That's the greatest torture souls feel in hell;

In hell that they must live, and cannot die:

Portia, I'll new kindle thy coals again,

And revive the rare, and almost dead example

Of a loving wife.

Bos. O fie, despair! remember

You are a Christian.

Duch. The church enjoins fasting;

I'll starve myself to death.

Bos. Leave this vain sorrow;

Things being at the worst, begin to mend;

The bee, when he hath stung into your hand,

May then play with your eyelid.

Duch. Good comfortable fellow,

Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel

To have all his bones new set; entreat him live,

To be executed again: who must despatch me?

I account this world a tedious theatre,

For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will.

The next scene presents circumstances which could not now be tolerated upon the stage, but in the closet have perhaps even a more terrible effect than they could have had in representation in the days of the author. The female who opens the conversation with the duchess is her confidential attendant.

DUCHESS, CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise is that?

Cari. 'Tis the wild concert

Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother

Hath placed about your lodging; this tyranny

I think was never practis'd till this hour.

Duch. Indeed, I thank him; nothing but noise and folly

Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason

And silence make me stark mad: sit down,

Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

Cari. O 'twill increase your melancholy.

Duch. Thou art deceived;

To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.

This is a prison?

Cari. Yes, but you shall live

To shake this durance off.

Duch. Thou art a fool.

The robin redbreast and the nightingale

Never live long in cages.

Who do I look like now?

Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,

A deal of life in show, but none in practice;

Or rather like some reverend monument

Whose ruins are even pitied.

Duch. Very proper;

And fortune seems only to have her eyesight,

To behold my tragedy. How now,

What noise is that?

Serv. I am come to tell you

Your brother hath intended you some sport:

A great physician, when the pope was sick

Of a deep melancholy, presented him

With several sorts of madmen, which wild object

(Being full of change and sport) fore'd him to laugh,

And so th' impostume broke: the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.

Duch. Let them come in.

[here the dance, consisting of eight madmen,
with music answerable thereto; after which,

Bosola (like an old man) enters.

Duch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray question him: I'll leave you.

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Hall! my tomb?

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art mad sure; dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best, but a
salvatory of green mummy: what's this flesh? a little
curded milk, fantastical puff-paste: our bodies are
weaker than those paper prisons boys use to keep flies
in; more contemptible: since ours is to preserve earth-
worms: didst thou never see a lark in a cage? such
is the soul in the body: this world is like her little
turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her
looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of
the small compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins
to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty
years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou
sleep'st worse, than if a mouse should be forced to
take up his lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant, that
breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out
as if thou werest the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfy still.

Bos. That makes thy sleep so broken:

"Glow-worms, like glow-worms, afar off, shine bright,
But look'd too near, have neither heat or light."

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.
I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou com'st to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry:

Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion.

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical on our deathbed?

Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs

Do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray
Up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks,
As if they died of the toothache; they are not carv'd
With their eyes fix'd upon the stars; but, as their
Minds were wholly bent upon the world,
The self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel?

Bos. Now, I shall:

Here is a present from your princely brothers.

[a coffin, cords, and a bell.]

And may it arrive welcome, for it brings

Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it,

I have so much obedience in my blood,

I wish it in their veins, to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.

Cari. O, my sweet lady!

Duch. Peace! it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bellman.

That usually is sent to condemn'd persons.

The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou said'st

Thou wast a tomb-maker?

Bos. 'Twas to bring you

By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Harke! now every thing is still:

The screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,

Call upon our dame, aloud,

And bid her quickly don her shroud:

Much you had of land and rent,

Your length in clay's now competent.

A long war disturb'd your mind,

Here your perfect peace is sign'd,

Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?

Sin their conception, their birth weeping:

Their life a general mist of error,

Their death a hideous storm of terror,

Strew your hair with powders sweet:

Don clean linen, bathe your feet,

And (the foul fiend more to check)

A crucifix let bless your neck,

'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,

End your groan, and come away.

Cari. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers— alas

What will you do with my lady? Call for help.

Duch. To whom? to our next neighbours? the

are mad folks.

Farewell, Cariola.

In my last will I have not much to give,

A many hungry guests have fed on me;

Thine will be a poor reversion.

Cari. I will die with her.

Duch. I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy

Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl

Say her prayers, ere she sleep. Now what you please

What death?

Bos. Strangling ; here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them :

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' th' lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Does not death fright you ?

Duch. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world ?

Bos. Yet, methinks,

The manner of your death should much afflict you :
This cord should terrify you !

Duch. Not a whit :

What would it pleasure me, to have my throat cut
With diamonds ? or to be smothered

With cassia ? or to be shot to death with pearls ?

I'd not be tedious to you.

Exec. We are ready.

Duch. Dispose my breath, how please you, but my
body

Bestow upon my women, will you ?

Exec. Yes.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me :

Yet stay, heaven's gates are not so highly arch'd
As princely palaces ; they that enter there

Must go upon their knees : come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora, to make me sleep :

Go tell my brothers when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet. [they strangle her.]

Enter Ferdinand.

Fer. Is she dead ?

Bos. She is what

You'd have her : but here begin your pity :
[shows the children strangled.]

Alas ! how have these offended ?

Fer. The death

Of young wolves is never to be pitied.

Bos. Fix your eye there.

Fer. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep ?

Other sins only speak ; murder shrieks out :

The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.

Fer. Cover her face : mine eyes dazzle : she died
young.

Bos. I think not so : her infidelity

Seem'd to have years too many.

Fer. She and I were twins :

And should I die this instant, I have liv'd
Her time to a minute.

Bos. It seems she was born first :

You have bloodylly approv'd the ancient truth,

That kindred commonly do worse agree

Than remote strangers.

Ferdinand repents at the sight of the body of his sister, and goes out cursing the instrument of his vengeance. In the fifth act occurs a scene of a very singular kind, in which, by a play of the author's peculiar fancy, the echo of a ruined building is made to hint to Antonio the fate of his wife and children. In the same act, Ferdinand is represented in a state of distraction, in which he gives mortal wounds to his brother and Bosola, the latter of whom had previously slain Antonio unintentionally.

The Duchess of Malfy is no doubt an extraordinary play, even for its own age, and the terror-exciting genius of the author is confessedly unexampled. Yet the outline of it which has here been given, with the specimens of its scenes, may be held as qualified to convey some idea of the general tragic style of the rivals of Shakspeare. Without the masterly knowledge of the human heart, which was possessed by the bard of Stratford, and still more deficient in that discretion and governing good sense which enable a poet in all his imaginings to observe the "modesty of nature," they had merits of a kind ever since most unusual — an unconstrained manner, imagery equally profuse in quantity and bold of its kind, and a power of awakening the sentiments of wonder, terror, and pity, which is almost extinct in our literature. Neither the delineation of the characters nor the structure of the plays is, in almost any instance, perfect, while the tale that is told is often such as to shock our feelings, and debar all sympathy ; and yet the old drama must be acknowledged as a wonderful magazine of fine dramatic ideas. In reference to the more remarkable scenes of the Duchess of Malfy, Mr. Lamb judiciously and eloquently remarks :—" All the several parts of the dreadful apparatus with which the duchess's death is ushered in, are not more remote from the conception of ordinary vengeance, than the strange character of suffering which they seem to bring upon their victim, is beyond the imagination of ordinary poets. As they are not like inflictions of *this life*, so her language seems not of *this world*. She has lived among horrors till she is become 'native and endowed into that element.' She speaks the dialect of despair, her tongue has a smatch of Tartarus and the souls in hell. What are 'Luke's iron crown, the brazen bull of Perillus, Procrustes's bed, to the waxen images which counterfeit death, to the wild masque of mad-

men, the tomb-maker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees ! To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wear and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit : this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horror's head horrors accumulate ; but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality ; they 'terrify babes with painted devils ; but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved.'

HARE AND FOX HUNTING.

HARE-HUNTING claims precedence of fox-hunting in the sporting chronology of Great Britain, and we believe of all other countries, inasmuch as a hare has always been esteemed excellent eating, and a fox the rankest of carrion. We gather from Xenophon that it was practised before his day, and he wrote fully upon it above three centuries before the Christian era, both hounds and nets being then used in the pursuit. Neither can we marvel at hare-hunting being the favourite diversion in all nations given to sporting where the use of the horse in the field had not become common. But we will go a point farther than this, and assert, that how inferior soever may be the estimation in which hunting the hare is held in comparison with hunting the fox, no animal of the chase affords so much true hunting as she does, which was the opinion of the renowned Mr Beckford.

The difficulty of finding a hare by the eye is well known. It is an art greatly facilitated by experience, although not one person in ten who attempts it succeeds in it. But here we recognise the hand that furnished her with such means for her security ; as, from the delicacy of her flesh, she is the prey of every carnivorous animal, and her means of defence are confined only to her flight. In going to her form, she consults the weather, especially the wind, lying always, when she can, with her head to face it. After harvest, hares are found in all situations ; in stubble fields, hedge-rows, woods, and brakes ; but when the leaves fall, they prefer lying upon open ground, and particularly on a stale fallow, that is, one which has been some time ploughed ; as likewise after frost, and towards the spring of the year. In furze, or gorse, they lie so close as to allow themselves nearly to be trodden upon, rather than quit their form. The down or upland-bred hare shows best sport ; that bred in a wet, marshy district, the worst, although the scent from the latter may be the stronger. If a hare, when not viewed away, runs slowly at first, it is generally a sign that she is an old one, and likely to afford sport ; but hares never run so well as when they do not know where they are. Thus, trapped hares, turned out before hounds, almost invariably run straight on end, and generally till they can run no longer ; and they generally go straight in fog. The chase of the hare has been altered, and rendered less difficult in some degree, by the improvement of the hound used in it.

The difference in the terms used in hare-hunting and fox-hunting is comprised in a few words :—Hariers are cast off, in the morning ; fox-hounds throw off. The hare is found by the quest or trail ; the fox by the drag. The hare is on her form or seat ; the fox in his kennel. The young hare is a leveret ; a fox a year old is a cub. The view hollow of the hare is, "Gone away ;" of a fox, "Tallyho." The hare doubles in chase ; the fox heads back, or is headed. The harrier is at fault ; the fox-hound at check. The hare is pricked by the foot ; the fox is balled or padded. The hare squats ; the fox lies down, stops, or hangs in cover ; the "who-whoop" signifies the death of each.

Our ideas of a complete pack of fox-hounds are very soon expressed. For four days' hunting in the week there should be not much less than sixty couples of working hounds ; nor do we think more are necessary, as hounds, like horses, are always better and sounder when in regular work. For three days in the week, forty couples are enough. They should have at their head not only a huntsman, but also a master, each of whom knows his business, and one clever whipper-in, and another as clever as you can get him. It is not necessary, because it is not feasible, that they should all be good drawers of covers ; but it is absolutely necessary to perfection that they should all get to work as soon as a fox is found, and prove themselves true on the line their game has gone. The number of fox-hounds taken into the field depends chiefly upon country ; more being required in that which is woodland, than for an open champaign, or for our enclosed grass districts, such as Leicestershire. Eighteen couples are generally considered as sufficient for the latter ; and the strongest woodlands do not require more than twenty-two to twenty-five couples ; and we consider the latter the more common number, in the field, of any pack in any country.

The average speed of fox-hounds is estimated at ten miles, point blank, over a country, with a good scent, in one hour ; that is to say, making allowance for deviations from the straight line, hounds seldom go more than ten miles, from point to point, in that space of time. There is nothing in the history of our domestic sports and pastimes to inform us correctly as to the date of the first regularly established pack of fox-hounds kept in England ; but, on the authority of the Rev. William Chafin, in his "Anecdotes respecting Cranbourn Chase," the first real steady pack of fox-hounds established in the western part of England

was by Thomas Fownes, Esq. of Stepleton, in Dorsetshire, about the year 1730.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, new edition.

MODIFICATION OF SLEEP.—Sleep is much modified by habit. Thus, an old artillery-man often enjoys tranquil repose while the cannon are thundering around him ; an engineer has been known to fall asleep within a boiler, while his fellows were beating it on the outside with their ponderous hammers ; and the repose of a miller is nowise incommoded by the noise of his mill. Sound ceases to be a stimulus to such men, and what would have proved an inexpressible annoyance to others, is, by them altogether unheeded. It is common for carriers to sleep on horseback, and coachmen on their coaches. During the battle of the Nile, some boys were so exhausted, that they fell asleep on the deck amid the deafening thunder of that dreadful engagement. Nay, silence itself may become a stimulus, while sound ceases to be so. Thus, a miller being very ill, his mill was stopped that he might not be disturbed by its noise ; but this, so far from inducing sleep, prevented it altogether, and it did not take place till the mill was set a-going again. For the same reason, the manager of some vast iron works, who slept close to them amid the incessant din of hammers, forges, and blast furnaces, would awake if there was any cessation of the noise during the night. To carry the illustration still further, it has been noticed that a person who falls asleep near a church, the bell of which is ringing, may hear the sound during the whole of his slumber, and be nevertheless aroused by its sudden cessation. Here the sleep must have been imperfect, otherwise he would have been insensible to the sound : the noise of the bell was no stimulus ; it was its cessation which, by breaking the monotony, became so, and caused the sleeper to awake.—*Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep*.

THE HEAD AND THE HEELS.—If the comparative compensation awarded to efforts of the head and those of the heels were allowed to determine their relative value, the world would soon be for reversing the poles, and setting all mankind heels upwards. Let us cite a few examples :—A judge of the Supreme Court of New York, who may decide upon millions of property, and the life and liberty of every citizen, is deemed to be well paid by his great state, with a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars per annum. A professor of a college, whose education must cost much in money and in time, and whose faculties are constantly on the stretch, rarely receives two thousand dollars ; while a dancing girl, Mademoiselle Celeste, is paid an amount we could hardly credit, but for the public statement of the fact. The following account of the cash received by her in different cities since her arrival in this country (just one year ago), will show that her success has been truly astonishing :—New York, 22,300 dollars ; Boston, 18,500 ; Philadelphia, 8,500 ; Baltimore, 3,500 ; Montreal, 1,000 ; Quebec, 800 ; Albany, 130.—Total, 50,000. At New Orleans and Mobile, she will receive 9,000 for six weeks' performance.—*New York paper*.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRINK.—It is recorded of Curran, that going to his inn early one summer morning, after a long sitting with some friends in Glasgow, he observed a man sound asleep in the kennel, his upturned face gilded with the rays of the newly risen sun. Mr Curran awoke the sleeper, who, like himself, had been indulging rather freely the previous night, and had no recollection of taking up the position in which he was found. After the first surprise was over, he thrust his hand into his pocket, where he found a quantity of small change, on discovering which, with a face of the utmost compunction and alarm, he exclaimed, "Gude guide us ! has I been sae far left to mysel' as to change a note !"

GOOD RETORT.—Henry Mackenzie, who was an attorney by trade, was in the Highlands in 1786 with General Sir William H——, who had gone there to war upon the grouse and moorfowl. After dinner, the conversation turned upon poisons. The various effects of different species were mentioned, and among others those of ratsbane and laurel. "We say in England," quoth the general to Mr Mackenzie, "that ratsbane will not kill a lawyer." "And we say in Scotland," answered Mr Mackenzie, "that some generals are in no danger from laurel !"

A LUCKY CLUE.—Of all the instances we have heard of persons attaining wealth by lucky accidents, none equals the following :—A poor aged woman, who had long earned her livelihood by knitting, one day coming to the end of her worsted ball or clue, found it to be wound on a piece of an old newspaper, which she had the curiosity to read ; when, to her astonishment and delight, she discovered it to contain an advertisement respecting herself, as the heir of a large property, which, had she been unable to read, she might never have possessed.—*Anecdotes of Books and Authors*.

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